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The Editors Say

Copy to galley, galley to dummy, dummy to page-proof, page-proof to press—heads, cuts, engravings, too short, too long, proof-read, check and recheck—and finally you have in your hands issue number two of the new Portfolio. The present issue offers four stories, five poets, two drama articles, two pages devoted to original student art, the usual departments in books and recordings, a page devoted to a tribute, and a comprehensive musical article. We present our choice of the best literary material on the Denison campus.

The stories reproduced in Portfolio are as diversified in setting and tone as any reader could desire. David Timrud portrays an interesting tale of India, a land with which he is well acquainted. Tom Fox's realistic account, *Purgatory of the Gods,* takes place in the western gold mining country while Virginia Martindale relates a story of strange psychological fiber. Several new poetesses appear. Margaret Gratza and B. J. Wright offer short poems of merit and an anonymous writer has submitted verses somewhat reminiscent of Bill West. Alison Phillips is being put on our "regular" list.

The interesting sidelight revealed behind the production of Masquers' *Abraham Lincoln* is as good reading as any fiction. The student art pages once again bring reproductions of original oils done by several majors. Our tribute, we feel, is one that has been long felt by all and is worthy of expression. Ed Deeds, treatment of Handel's *Messiah* is a comprehensive article and proves to be good reading filled with both history and anecdote. The quarterly acknowledgements for our art and photographic work must not be forgotten for these are vital contributions.

Not too far distant are the annual writing contests sponsored yearly on the Denison campus. Prizes for verse, short story, essay, and plays are available; look into the matter and start working early.

May we again urge *you* to submit material for Portfolio. As we become established, far too common is the conception that writing for the magazine is up to a few capable and reliable students. Not at all. To them we are grateful, but many of you want to write, and likewise many of you have been criticizing us; combine these and submit what you would like to see printed in Portfolio.

Pass us an occasional remark as to how we're doing—we'd appreciate it and we'll see what can be done in the way of improvement.

'TWEEN CLASSES

A Photo By Roland Thompson

Brain Fever

"Her head felt large, terribly big."

By David Timrud

Out of the East, where the darkness was a looming mass, sucking up daylight like a sponge, a lone bird came silently flying. It perched on the top of the one dead tree in the compound, ignoring the extravagant tropical growths all about it—the royal palms set at each end of the garden, the great "peepul" tree at the Southern gate, all the dense tangle of lianas and undergrowth of the surrounding jungle.

Adela's eyes, glazed and widened by months of malaria, blurred as they vainly tried to focus the bird into clear relief. Without looking at her husband she said,

"That's a queer bird."

"Yes, it is," he answered, quickly following the line of her vision. "I didn't know they came so far south." He handed his cup to the native boy, and laughed softly. "Some whiskey-headed Tommy dubbed it the "brain fever" bird, you know. Wait till you hear its call. It—"

Abruptly, from the top of the dead tree, three minor keyed notes fell eerily to the veranda.

"Brain feeever!" And again, "Brain feever!"

"Oh Don! It's weird!"

The young doctor laughed again. "No darling, only drunken soldiers think so. Do you know what it says, really?"

Adela's thinned hands clutched at the arms of her wicker chair. She tensed with fear. "Brain fever!" she said weakly, "Brain fever!"

Don's voice tried to reassure.

"No sweet. It's saying 'A-de-la, I love you'. That's what it kept echoing all those years I worked up North alone, waiting for you to decide you'd marry a—a penniless visionary." A chuckle bubbled through the last words.

She gave no indication she heard him, but every word resounded through her head. The twisted lines of a bitter smile started to form, then she quickly straightened her mouth. She hoped Don's keen eyes hadn't detected it. She didn't want him to see she was getting tired of her eternal weakness. Her head felt large, terribly big, and all of it filled with black emptiness. Lifting her arm was like pushing against a heavy cushion of air. How had she ever had strength to put on a white mask and work with him in the little jungle lab? How many eternities was it since she had shouldered a gun and gone off hunting by herself?

Had she really enjoyed her work or was it just because she loved him that she seemed happy? Didn't he ever think what it might mean to get out to a party now and then? But what parties were there? It was months, years! decades! since she had seen another white face.

Then the jungle—its heat and stickiness! The filthy, grimy Hindus! And the beasts! Those nightmare jackals—and now, this lunatic bird!

Again she tried to focus her eyes on it, but it remained just a slender blur of a bird—a hazy, horrid omen. "Brain fever!" Despite her grip on the chair she began to tremble. Her breaths came short. "Brain fever!" Don noticed—immediately rose and crossed to her.

"What's the matter, darling? Pain? Let me take you back to bed." He started to pick her up but she stiffened.

"I won't budge till you shoot that bird! Shoot it, Don, shoot it!" Her voice was a little hysterical.

"But it only calls at twilight and dawn. It'll be silent in a few minutes dear."

"Kill that bird or I stay here all night!" she actually heard herself hiss through clenched teeth.

He left her suddenly, soundlessly. Almost in the same second he was back with his revolver. The eerie notes of the bird were splashing through the air again. She watched him level his gun; shut her eyes just before the hammer fell. When she looked up again the smoke had cleared and the tree was bare.

"I'm sorry I had to do that," said Don, looking at her intently, "Those birds meant a lot when half a world separated us."

God! If they only separated her from this now, she thought. She said, "I think I'll go to bed, Don."

"That's where I ought to have kept you, you old rebel," said Don, "I know how it is when the tropics pile the fever bugs on you, though. Head starts to do funny tricks, doesn't it, 'less you get a glimpse of the outdoors."

He talked as he carried her. She had become so very thin. Hardly felt like she was more than the weight of the blanket. He kissed her on the forehead. She made no sign she felt it.

After he had drawn the sheet over her and adjusted the mosquito netting, he left to make the rounds of the house. There was only one lantern in the room. It didn't give much light, but she could make out the lizards on the wall. How she hated them! Don said they killed off the insects. She hadn't minded them before she became ill. But now—ugh! Beady-eyed, coldblooded, miniature monsters from another age! What place had they in the home of civilized people?

There! The one above her head was moving. She couldn't make out the insect it stalked because of the haze of the mosquito netting. Her eyes didn't want to focus, either. The lizard seemed to grow as she looked—a scaly, murderous dragon!

Rather the insect win than that primitive reptile! "Shoo!" she said, "Shoo!" The lizard kept moving—one squat leg at a time. Inexorable as the fatalism of those Hindus, she thought. If she only had strength to throw something! Once she had thrown a napkin

ring at one, and its tail had dropped off, writhing on the floor like a living thing.

Now the lizard seemed to be gathering itself. Oh God! why had she ever come out to this heathen country with Don! What she wouldn't give to have a soft spring mattress under her instead of a homemade pad on a ropeweave bed! How she'd love to be near the windows of her room, looking out on the ocean! They had told her she was a fool to marry the young doctor. "Of course," they had said, "We'll admit he's most fascinating, but what's he got to offer you except the smell of iodoform, and a hut in the jungles?" Thank God there wasn't much of the iodoform smell around, and thank God, too, that it wasn't a hut they were living in! But it might just as well be. She found snakes curled in the flower pots, snakes in the zink bath tub, snakes everywhere! The mud walls of the house were like a native's hut, only thicker and higher, and whitewashed with that ghastly blue-tinted stuff. When she first came into the house she thought the light blue motif made everything look cool and cheerful. Now it looked like the inside of a tomb.

And oh! her head felt so big. Maybe it was a good thing there weren't any white people to see her. She looked down along her body. How flat it had become! And she hardly dared to look into a mirror these days. Her face was lean, her dark hair falling flaccidly about it. It was a wonder Don loved her. She wondered if she would love herself, looking like that, if she were a man. No, she wouldn't.

Now the lizard crouched far back. Incredibly, it jumped! She had never seen one jump. They always ran quick as arrows, but they never jumped! It didn't catch on again! It was falling—falling down on top of her! Her tongue gagged in her throat. Plop! The lizard landed on the roof of her netting. She screamed—and then all merged into blackness.

Don was patting the perspiration off her forehead with a towel, his voice anxious.

"Darling, what's the matter? What's wrong?"

"On the netting!" she gasped, her voice weak, horror-struck. She buried her face in the pillow.

Don returned quickly after disposing of the appendage. He slid his arm under her sobbing head.

"Aw, you poor kid," he said. "First thing tomorrow we're going to clean all the lizards out of here—insects or no insects!"

She felt strength coming back into her from the hard arm under her head. So strong he seemed, and so kind to her all through the long months of illness.

"I'm all right now, I'll go to sleep," she said, almost managing a smile.

"You do that. Good night, darling." He kissed her on the lips.

But when he had undressed and put out the light her head began to feel vast again. She wished his bed weren't on the other side of the room. She thought her head big enough for birds to fly around in it. Brain fever birds! Oh, how glad she was that bird was dead. Yet the notes kept repeating themselves in her head. Echoing now, her head was so large. She could hear it first on one side, "Brain fever!", and then weakly on the other, "Brain fever!" No! No! She mustn't listen to it. It was dead.

Oh, how big, how big her head was! Maybe it would soon fall over the end of the bed and her neck would break. Suppose she should break her neck, what then? Don could go on with his work, and he wouldn't be bothered to take care of her. So different when she was well. She could help him then. Even at that, what was the point of it all? These natives never picked up any principles of sanitation. And what could Don ever accomplish? Research on snake venoms in a poorly equipped jungle laboratory! Why even the doctors of the Rockefeller Foundation hadn't found any cures! But Don had a lot of faith. She had once had it herself.

Suppose her neck did break? He'd be better rid of her. But her head wasn't getting any bigger. "Brain fever?" There was a quizzical tone in the maddening notes. She heard the sounds suddenly cut off and could see the bird plunging down into a deep, deep abyss. Just one shot had done that. She could do the same! Her neck wouldn't break. But she could still rid herself from Don.

Of course, he'd be awfully sad, and it might stop his work for a while. But then he'd meet some nice girl and he'd go on all right. Some other girl in this house! This place where she'd been so happy with him? No! No! No other was going to have him.

Another woman sitting next to him on the banks of that mysterious old lake telling him she loved him? Another woman lying in his arms in the moonlight ruins of the ancient temple? No other!

There was a light now. It came from the window on the east side, high up on the wall. It was the moonlight shining in. It had been there for a long time, too—the rays were coming in at a sharp angle, falling on the teakwood bureau. The light glinted off the gun—the gun that had killed the "brain fever" bird!

The room became brighter. All her senses were becoming more and more acute. In the distance she heard the demoniac laughing of the jackals. She always envisioned them as black creatures with white collars, dancing about on their hind legs. She really knew their coyote-like appearance, but now they became what she first imagined them to be—evilly grinning, shrieking spirits, dancing about in a whirling circle!

Her shallow breathing brought in the heavy scents of the garden. How they had worked and planned color schemes for the garden! How everything they planted grew! Maybe for that very reason it wasn't as beautiful as her garden back home. Flowers there had to struggle to grow. Ah, and when they did, the colors contrasted so with the drabs and grays of the North. But here the jungle dripped rich colors. The jungle pressed all around them, kept creeping under their hedges and sprouting up among the flox, or in the long rows of sweet peas. Orchids grew on the mango trees. She thought if they had scent she could smell them now. And faintly, a white thread in the heavy shadows, she could smell the little laboratory.

God! What she wouldn't do now for a whiff of real salt air, a cool spray whipping up in her face! Here everything pressed in on her. The mosquito netting was about to collapse on her! The wall was weighted with lizards and was going to fall inwards upon her!

She looked over the bureau, but the little square of light had left it. The room had darkened. There was no longer any glint off the handle of the gun.

Now the jackals were nearer. They were dancing and screaming around the house. God! How insane they sounded. She tried to listen to Don's breathing. She couldn't hear it. She could never hear it. That was the way he had about him. Everything he did was quiet, efficient. How quickly he had gone to get the gun. She wished she had looked to see the bird fall. Bet it plummeted down like a stone! He even went duck-hunting with a rifle. The way he stalked an animal!

No! If she were going to die no other woman was going to have him. No woman was worth her Don! She had been in bed for months, and he had never been the slightest bit impatient with her. She'd keep on being in bed for months and months, and then she'd die. And then she'd die! What was the sense of it all?

Her head felt terribly big again, but it was light too. She wondered if she could lift it, and she did! She sat up, slipping her thin legs under the mosquito netting. Her feet eased right into the slippers Don had thoughtfully placed there. It was dark now, quite dark. She couldn't see the bureau any more, but she knew her way around the room. How glad she was the floors were cement and not creaky wood. Fortunate, too, that the servants were used to shots at night.

The gun felt so heavy. It took both her hands to lift it. The exertion made her dizzy—in the middle of the room she lost her bearings, stumbling a little. She stood still, steadying herself, listening to the jackals. He'll be glad to be rid of them too, she thought. She walked slowly, her head light and floating with the exertion. She touched the mosquito netting. She tried to hear his breathing. No. Even when she was in bed with him she couldn't hear it.

Oh! She just had to have enough strength to put the last bullet into her own brain! Revolver—six bullets — five for Don and the last one for her — couldn't have Don suffering. Make sure he was dead.

No! Only five bullets! One had been for that hideous bird. She'd do it fast as she could pull the

trigger. With more strength than she thought she had left, she pointed the barrel to the middle of the bed, squeezed the trigger quickly—four times.

How heavy the gun — and how hot against her temple!

Dawn was spilling through the windows. On the top of the one dead tree in the compound a lone bird peered quizzically at the bullet hole in its perch. It looked for a moment at the still house, called twice, "Brain fever!", then flew off into the East.

SHADOWS

By

MISTER X

TRUST

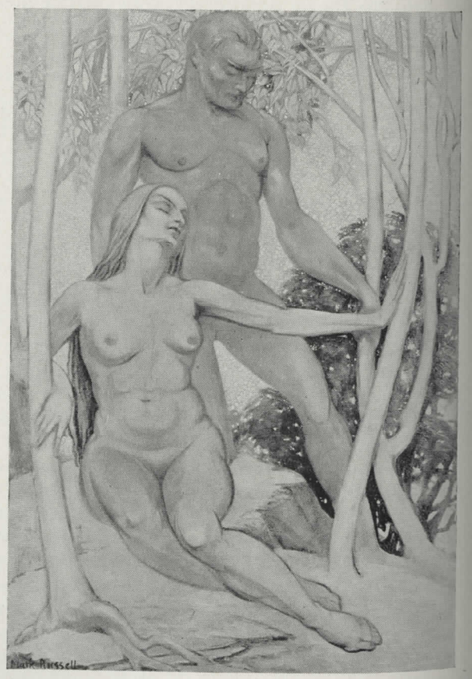
'Tis dusk, and you seem near:
Almost too quietly the earth is caught
In shadow; sudden twilight touches hills,
Beyond whose darkening rim the spent day dies
Without a sunset violence. 'Tis dusk:
This moment's magic quite unravels out
The vain, dull, fevered little plot of day,
And briefly inks its perfect epilogue
In stars and quietude. 'Tis dusk: the world
Leans in this window where I sit alone,
And miles (those few unwitting miles that breed
A very hell) contract, dissolve, and melt
Into this darkness and a dream. The heart
Unlocks its sum of sweet remembered things,
And miser-like, assays each one, counts all,
Recounts, as if the mere arithmetic
Might swell such gold, might teach some luster to
This grey and present hour. 'Tis dusk: and I
Am not alone; this moment sees us meet.
The heart's clamour grows; the senses strain;
Still darkness keeps you hid in teasing cruel
Proximity. O love! you are too near,
Too wildly near to dwell unseen, untouched,
Unspeaking. Is it so? We reach and reach—
The miles still win? No, love—here's truth: there is
No least thing in this night, no frailest star,
No wind that bears its heavy scent of spring,
No jot of moonlight splashed across my floor,
No faintest laughter echoed from the dark,
No word, no sigh, no breath, no, nothing, love,
But speaks to me of you . . .

REMEMBER, LOVE

If I should die, and you gone from my side—
One moment gone, or years; one door apart,
Or miles, or very worlds—remember, Love,
As life slipped out, as that last darkness touched
My brain, you were its sum, its end, its all!
You imaged there a thousand ways: the eyes,
The lips, the throat, the hair, tears, smiles, scent, touch—
All memory crammed into a pulse-beat, caught
Entire, intense, and perfectly arrayed
The single moment life ticked to an end—
All, all of you my soul and senses knew
Swept up in that bright, blinding instant, burned,
Blazed i' the mind, taught me faith, whatever black
Engulfed me in the next . . .

(No—lovers are not wise,
Who part in love, break lips from lips, pry loose
Love's thousand hands, turn world-ward. No—to die
Is nothing, but to die thus, alone!
Alone: no eyes to fix mine in; no hand,
No little hand to touch, to hold; no word . . .
Must memory suffice? You loved me once—
Is that all, to die with? Suck it dry then . . .)

Remember, Love, my last
Breath spent itself in whispering your name;
And Love, one nerve, one last dull nerve, alone alive,
Flickered down its length the last impulse
From mind, stung fingertips to reach for you!
Then . . . ?



Illustration

By MARK RUSSELL

—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

Purgatory Of The Gods

"A story somewhat like a dream."

By Thomas Fox

Before the close of my few remaining days, it is my hope that I will be able to preserve for the world the record of the chance that has been my destiny. It is a story somewhat like a dream, somewhat like a nightmare, almost defying belief. But it is the story of my fate, the trail of my life's blood.

In 1852 I started out from San Francisco in a search for a new gold field, heading toward a deserted section of the lower Sierras where geological formations had convinced me that gold would be found. I took with me no companion other than a small mule to carry my few supplies, for too often I had heard stories of violent disputes and even murders in a remote gold field. Ten days out of San Francisco, I found myself traveling in a north-easterly direction through a mountain wilderness. My charts showed me that I should reach my destination sometime on the following day.

Late that same afternoon the sky became threatening, and a swift mountain storm overwhelmed me. Struggling through the blinding rain in my eagerness to push forward, I soon lost my bearings, and when the storm finally passed, found myself on the brink of a great hole in the earth. As it was now after dark, I tethered my mule and prepared to stay for the night. By the light of the campfire I searched my charts to discover where I was. Nowhere was I able to find mention of this huge hole on whose edge I was now resting. There was nothing at all to indicate my present location, and I concluded that here was a place as yet unknown to man. This discovery excited me greatly, and I resolved to explore the region thoroughly the next day.

The following morning I arose early, packed my blankets and utensils on the mule, and prepared to follow the canyon's rim until I found a means of descent. Leading the mule behind me, I was thus closely following the edge of this hole when I felt the earth suddenly crumble beneath me, and in a moment I was plunging toward the rocks below.

For me the world had reduced itself to an enclosure of barely one-half mile square. Towering above my head on all sides were the smooth, steep walls of my prison, high formations of slate and rock. Here, in a valley that started and abruptly ended in a short half-mile, I was a captive.

How its existence could have remained undiscovered all these years I know not. I know only that its location had never been recorded on a map, for no one could have made a more complete survey of that rocky region than I had.

When I had sufficiently recovered from my fall to look around me, I was immediately aware of the unrelenting grimness and desolation on all sides. There was a somber darkness within this gigantic pit, for the steep walls jealously guarded their secret from the sun. Only at noon did the valley emerge from its grim cloak of ebony and death. I felt an irresistible impulse to stretch myself up, to reach for the light above and the safety it personified. I could see that I was not alone in this impulse, for the pines that ringed the clearing were tall and thin, with uplifted branches. They too were stricken with a morbid feeling of desolation.

An unpleasant, dull sound was ringing in my ears, and at first I believed it was the result of my hard fall. Later, when I was able to walk again, I discovered a thin stream of water coming from a small cave far up in the canyon wall and falling into a tiny pool. Here, in this place where every sound was echoed and re-echoed without end, it made me think of a marble rolling ceaselessly in the empty socket of a hardened skull. The thought filled me with dread.

Surely, I thought, there must be some means of escape from this pit. There must be some hidden break in the walls, some exit to the world of sunshine and life. Late that afternoon, just before the valley became a pool of terrifying blackness, I found an answer to my problem that made my blood run cold and my senses freeze. Under the towering cliff I found the skeleton of a man, with arms and legs extended in a futile attempt to scale the walls. How he came here I'll never know, but I could see how he had escaped. The four silent walls of my prison were the walls of a death cell!

Then, with the rapidity of a candle blown out, the gloom descended. I was alone with the maddening echo of the waterfall and the wild beating of my terrified heart sending waves of fear rushing to my brain.

When light again penetrated my prison, for that was how I was resolved to think of it, the night had left me tired and shaken. I hastened to the body of my mule, whose head had been crushed in the fall, and secured all my supplies. With brush and fallen limbs I managed to build a lean-to against a more protected side of the canyon wall; I was determined never again to pass such a night of fear without shelter from the terrors of this black pit. Taking stock, I found myself supplied to the extent of one side of bacon, one pound of salt, ten pounds of coffee, four cartridge boxes, and my prospector's tools. With this inventory, new hope came. If I was unable to escape, I could at least live here and hope for discovery. Surely if two persons

had already found this secluded canyon, others would also come, perhaps not tomorrow, or the next day, but before my life should be snuffed out.

During the next few days I became acquainted with my new home. The canyon floor held a multitude of rabbits and squirrels, while at one end I found a sizeable clump of blackberry bushes, the fruit just turning ripe. Here was a diet capable of sustaining me when my own food was exhausted. Before nightfall I had

gathered almost three quarts of berries and constructed a small enclosure of sharpened branches within which I proposed to keep a few rabbits. My rifle supplied me with dinner in the form of a plump squirrel, and I went to bed quite satisfied with the day's outcome. On closer inspection, my prison had lost some of its terror, but no sane man would ever want to be there alone at night, and I, the condemned man, least of all!

Those first few weeks passed swiftly with the work of building a permanent log cabin and securing rabbits to fill my pen. I had located my house close to the canyon's wall near the pool formed by the waterfall, for it was here that the animals were forced to come for water and would be easiest to capture. It was my practice to lie hidden near the pool's edge, holding a blanket with weighted corners, and as the rabbits hopped from the brush to the water, to fling over as many as possible. I was soon able to count 27 rabbits and believed that that number would multiply and soon guarantee a steady supply of meat. I could find no suitable means of canning the berries and so became resolved to live during the winter months on meat and roots alone.

It was quite by accident that I discovered the greatest mockery of my life. I had been digging a hole in which to dispose of my garbage, when my eye was caught by a sparkling nugget of pure gold, gleaming in the sun like a new penny. Quickly I dropped to my knees and examined the earth, let it run slowly through my fingers. Here, beyond doubt, was the richest soil I had ever seen. Feverishly I ran to the cabin and snatched up the wide shallow pan brought for just such an occasion. Running madly back to the excavation, I scooped up a pan-full of earth and raced to the pool. With burning eyes I watched the swirl of water and dirt over the pan's edge until there in the bottom, in an unbelievable quantity, remained the object of my search—Gold!! I could hardly believe it. Here was wealth and power, luxury and ease. The realization overwhelmed me. Whipped to a frenzy by the excitement of my discovery, I raced back again to the excavation for more dirt, to the pool for water, to the excavation, to the pool! I worked like a madman that afternoon, completely out of my head in an insane rush for gold.

Only when the darkness had made further work impossible did I realize my utter exhaustion. Lying that night on my crude bunk with the gold safely under my hard pillow, I suddenly saw the folly of my wealth, the extent to which Fate can mock all a man's hopes and desires. For a moment bitter tears filled my eyes, and I had an impulse to lash out against the cruel chance that followed my every step. When calmness returned there came also a determination to go on, a heart resolved to succeed. My course had been set!

The morning found me calm and rested. My intense desire for gold of the previous day was gone. In its place was a planned and regulated daily routine. I devoted my mornings to caring for the rabbits and collecting roots and berries. Every afternoon I worked to pan out a little more gold. This too had become a part of my hope: that if and when help should come, I would have sufficient means to compensate for my past hardships.

And so day by day my life followed a steady pattern, and my horde of gold slowly increased. Summer melted into winter, and winter back to summer again. The passage of time brought little change—rough furniture for my cabin, a trough to bring water from the pool to my bedside— that was all. Time means little to a person whose existence is filled with nothing else.

I have lived here now for four years, rising each morning to scan the cliffs above my head for signs of human presence. I had become almost happy, for my simple needs were easily filled, and I was ever more confident of discovery. Such a time it was that the gods chose to take their final step in the shaping of my destiny.

This has been the hottest summer of any. The blackbushes are scorched and shriveled and rabbits run panting to the pool to drink more and more water. I was even forced to abandon my afternoon's gold digging for fear of sunstroke. That was ten days ago!

At night, as I fretfully tossed in the depressing heat, a sudden shock ran through the cabin. It seemed to

(*Continued on page 10*)

The Messiah

"The highest art is to conceal art."

By ED DEEDS

'The highest art is to conceal art.' Great men, unfettered and undistracted by the petty fears of smaller men, take the shortest road to the fulfillment of their ideal, and the greater the man, the greater his economy. Thus his work seems the result of pure unadulterated inspiration, and we marvel at its ease and its inevitability. Just as Mozart through his economy has given us infinite grace and pure beauty, and Beethoven has thrilled us with great moments of dramatic intensity, Handel has appealed to the English and Americans because of his simple directness and bluff mastery. With an economy of means which could only have produced a banality in the hands of a lesser man, he evolved the mighty choruses of the *Messiah* which are so effective because of their simplicity and directness. Handel was no explorer in either harmony or counterpoint, but with a few well-worn harmonies, sequences, and points of imitation between instruments and voices, pieced together with an unerring sense of shape and balance, he produced the *Messiah,* which has outlived countless other works which were more elaborate, but less inspired.

The *Messiah* came into existence through such a curious chain of events that it might prove interesting to trace its early history. From the year 1712, when he finally settled in England, Handel eked out a precarious living—so precarious that he was twice bankrupt—by providing London with Italian operas. He not only composed but produced them as well—usually in a hurry, for when interest in one began to wane he was obliged to be ready with another. The first few were successful, largely due to a passing vogue for serious opera, but such works as *The Beggar's Opera* backfired and beggared poor Handel. In 1720, while chapelmaster to the Duke of Chandos, he wrote *Esther,* an opera upon a biblical subject. When some unscrupulous persons produced the opera without Handel's permission, they brought down upon themselves the wrath of the Bishop of London, who prohibited action and scenery in any work about a Bible story as being sacrilegious. As a result, Handel produced *Esther* in a theatre, without action or scenery, and it had a great success. This was the beginning of the concert oratorio, which is not to be confused with a church oratorio.

After *Esther,* Handel wrote very little opera, confining himself to the concert oratorio, which was cheaper to produce. He had acquired the habit of writing at a tremendous pace while writing his operas, and the habit never left him. For example, he started *Saul* on July 3, 1938, and finished it on the 27th of September. Four days later he began *Israel in Egypt* and completed it in twenty-seven days. These two are among his best works, and they were certainly his favorites.

With few exceptions, Handel's concert oratorios had libretto of the feeblest description, written in the unnatural, stilted language of minor contemporary poets. For this reason, the world owes its gratitude to the man who selected and arranged the words of the *Messiah,* as well as to Handel, for there is little doubt that Handel was intensely stimulated and inspired by the great libretto of the *Messiah.* Without such a libretto, Handel could scarcely have produced such an inspired work, and certainly no work without such noble words could have made the appeal that this oratorio has made. And yet, the man, Charles Jennens by name, who gave Handel this great libretto remains relatively unknown. To be sure, he was about the most unlikely person for the purpose that one could imagine, for he was a wealthy aristocrat, an amateur poet, and a conceited coxcomb. Not for naught was he known as 'Solyman the Magnificent'. When he took his proofs from the printers in Red Lion Court from his house in Bloomsbury—a very short distance—he did so in a coach and four, attended by four lackeys. Alighting at the entrance to the court, he was preceded by a servant to clear any rubbish from his path as he walked to the office. Jennens even had the audacity to write a third part, called *Il Moderato,* to Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.* Despite his vanity and Handel's quick temper, the two remained fast friends, and Handel even shared Jennens' elevated opinion of himself, although his respect was not reciprocated, for Jennens wrote as follows to a friend: 'I shall show you a collection I gave Handel, called *Messiah,* which I value highly, and he has made a fine entertainment out of it, though not so good as he might and ought to have done. I have with great difficulty made him correct some of the grossest faults in the composition. But he retained his overture obstinately, in which there are some passages far unworthy of Handel, but much more unworthy of *Messiah'.* The situation became all the more ludicrous when Handel, in a letter to Jennens, referred to the oratorio as *'your Messiah'.* But the crowning insult came when Jennens wrote a friend about the maggots in Handel's brain. For Jennens had the biggest maggot of all, because he never compiled the words of the *Messiah!* For nearly two centuries he has had the credit of doing so, and has shared with Handel the glory of the world's great-

(*Continued on page 24*)

PURGATORY OF THE GODS

(*Continued from page 8*)

quiver on its foundations. My knife danced off the table's edge and clattered dully as it hit the ground. Earthquake! Something in the atmosphere was wrong. Something that had been there before was gone. A chill clutched my heart as I realized that the sound was gone, the sound of the water pouring from the cave in the cliff down into the pool that meant life!

Leaping from my bunk, I rushed outside, not daring to believe my ears. It was true; there was no waterfall. The level of the pool was slowly sinking, draining its precious self to a hidden outlet. I rushed inside, snatched my coffee-pot, my skillet, my mining pan, and raced to save what water I could. How I cursed my lack of adequate containers! I could scarcely hold two gallons, all told. My heart pumped madly as the last priceless bit of water gurgled down the small hole now visible at the bottom of the pool.

The next day I made a futile attempt to sink a well through the rocky canyon floor, becoming ever more panicky at the pressing need to hurry. No matter what spot I chose I could not go beyond a depth of ten feet. The canyon had tightened its hold on my throat as a snake crushes a rat. I guarded my water jealously, taking only enough to keep me alive.

These last few days have been an unendurable agony. The water has been gone for two days now, and I can see no hope of further delaying my sentence. How gladly I would have traded my fortune in gold for a single cup of water these last few days! Every other animal in the valley is dead, and I, the richest of them all, must now bow to a lack of Nature's most precious gift.

There is little more I can say. The gold, estimated by me to weigh approximately 500 pounds, is under this bunk on which I lie. To whomsoever may first discover my tragic life I will this gold with all my worldly possessions on condition that I be given Christian burial at the foot of the tall pine close beside the empty pool. I was a man not born to live, but to suffer. I have seen all the tortures of Hell; may the gods relent and allow me at last to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Haunted

By

ROBERT MAXWELL

You, and the silent dream of what you were
Haunt me tonight and play upon the muted strings
Of my voiceless heart. Harshly you make me bear
Pain that reverberating memory brings.
You, and the returning touch of fingers on your breast,
The quickening play of passion on your parted lips
And throat. The thrill of beating flesh hard pressed
On flesh, the stirring provocation of your hips.
You, and your quiet thoughts that brushed the sky,
The dreams you shaped within your soul,
Your child-like gentleness; the sound of lullaby
Upon your voice, eyes flashing bright and ever full.

Tonight the brimming happiness that long ago we knew
Haunts me and reminds me how deeply once I loved you.

TO MY DAUGHTER

Tell me dear, is he tall and straight?
Is he young or old, gay, sedate?
Is he filled with passions, fierce and wild,
Or does he clutch your hand like a little child?
What has he promised; what has he said?
Has he lived and suffered; has he bled
With heartache and broken dreams;
Can he rise from defeat with rebuilt schemes?

How broad are his shoulders; are they heavy and strong?
Are his nails well kept, clean and long?
Does he hold his head proudly high;
Does a smile ever twinkle within his eye?
. . . But the thing that I want most to know,
Is not the reason you love him so,
Nor the things in him that set him apart,
. . . Tell me dear, how deep is his heart?

ONLY THE TANGIBLE

Hands that I have cupped hard to my face,
That have felt hot tears sobbed from me,
Arms that tendered and caressed and held
My sad self and twined about me soothingly.

Lips that have brushed mine lightly with a smile,
That have torn mine with a deep empassioned crush,
Eyes that have filled me full of empty words,
Then stilled me with a silent voiceless hush.

These are the things I hold secure . . .
Not how fine you were, nor pure.

Fortune Teller

"This was to be a memorable night."

By Bob Maxwell

Speaking of strange happenings, let me tell you of an incident that occurred about two years ago. I never knew whether it was just a tragic coincidence or the real prophecy of an ill-fated life. But whatever it was I think that it is worth telling and I'll let you decide as to its meaning. Here's the story:

It was before Jane and I were married. As a matter of fact it occurred on the night after we became engaged. Naturally I was all effervescent with joy, and I guess we both had stars in our eyes. So we had planned a sort of celebration on this particular night.

Judy was Jane's best friend and had been since I had first met her. Perhaps you remember her; she was a slight thing, quiet, but with a real personality that opened up when you got to know her. She and I got along very well and I liked her nearly as much as Jane did. Judy had been engaged for several weeks to Paul Donovan, a tall, likeable young fellow, full of fun. And so of course the two girls were twice as happy, each sharing the other's excitement and joy. That's why Judy and Paul, and Jane and I all went out to do some celebrating that unforgettable night.

If ever four young people were in perfect accord with one another, we were that night. All the troubles and the labors that beset mankind were far from us, and all we knew was the wonderful harmony that we felt. We wore our happiest hearts that night and dashed recklessly out into the world of entertainment.

We started out at the Carleton where we even indulged in one of our rare bottles of champagne, for this was to be a memorable night. (How little we knew how true that was.) We danced and laughed and were at the very height of merriment. There were scores of laughing, joking faces about us, soft lights of blue and gold and a steady flow of rhythmic melody filling the sophisticated ballroom.

We left the Carleton after an hour or two and with nothing particular in mind, wandered all over town. We excursioned through Chinatown, stopped briefly at the morgue, and window-shopped all of the costly stores of the elite, grandly furnishing our fabulous palaces.

Paul's constant wit and spontaneous fun kept us in the gayest of moods. Had we had Aladdin's celebrated lamp we could hardly have wished for more. It was Paul's idea that we go out to an amusement park of which he knew. Ready for anything, we heartily agreed and we were on our way immediately.

Jane and I hadn't been to an amusement park for years and we were like a couple of school kids. Judy took it quietly but I knew by the sparkle in her eyes that she enjoyed it all. Merry-go-rounds intoxicated us even more with joy; roller coasters aroused forgotten juvenile thrills; and the night was one continual laugh. The girls felt conspicuous at first in their formals but soon forgot that, even when people turned to stare at us as we munched hot dogs and fed pop-corn to the swans.

The evening slipped by in an amazingly short time and finally Paul suggested we go to a little tavern just outside the park. It was a nice, small, clean place and we sat at a white-clothed table in a far corner, all of us beginning to feel very tired. We drank hot tea and listened amusedly to four amateur musicians. We were still in the jolliest of moods and Paul must have been looking for some new diversion when he spied the fortune teller.

This tavern oracle was a woman well advanced in the forties, of very dark complexion, and she wore some foreign or gypsy attire to denote her trade.

"Just the thing," Paul remarked. "I want some idea what this married life is going to be like before I rush blindly into it. Methinks yon seer shall advise me."

And he went off to get her.

She looked very tired as she came over to our table but she smiled and said, "fortune?" Paul persuaded Jane to be the first and the gypsy placed a small crystal ball on the table and proceeded to conjure up her future.

"You will be very happy, my dear," she said. "You will have minor troubles but you will know great happiness in your home and family. There will be many children."

Jane blushed a little at this and we others laughed.

I was next and she assured me that though I would never make a great deal of money, I would always be content in my work and moderately but well situated. She told me I was a very fortunate man in getting such a capable, lovely girl for a wife. I agreed heartily and our futures looked bright and promising.

She turned to Paul next and frowned a little.

"You will have trouble for a while and you will know sorrow, but eventually you will find great happiness. You will make much money and be prominent in the world of business."

Paul turned to Judy.

"See, dear, if you'll just stick by me, after my first pitfalls, I'll be worthy of you." He smiled across at her and she smiled trustingly back. They were a wonderful couple to see, filled with an idyllic love.

You understand she told us many things beside these few I have mentioned. But these are the ones I remember particularly.

Judy was the last. The gypsy bent once again over the crystal, peering deep into its revealing depths. She looked long and then speechlessly stared across at Judy. Her face changed and all of the fatigue vanished. Her features were grim and hard in the low light. I wondered if this were a part of her performance. For a moment I couldn't distinguish whether she showed anger or fear.

"Well, what's the future hold for my bride-to-be?" Paul asked, smiling. "Will she make me a good wife?"

The woman glanced quickly at him and then rose and started to hurry away. He caught her by the arm and looked at her in a puzzled way.

"Here, what's up? Tell the young lady's fortune."

"I can't," she muttered without looking at him.

"Absurd! What do you mean you can't?"

"I can't."

"Oh come, we only want to finish our little game. No matter what foolish things you see."

She turned and looked at him and the corners of her mouth turned up into what I thought was a half-sneer.

"Looks like you're doomed to be a henpecked husband, Paul, and she hates to tell you about it," I chimed in merrily.

Paul continued to try to persuade the gypsy but she remained adamant. He began to grow a little angry; Judy was already disturbed.

"Never mind, Paul, I don't care." Judy tried to prevent any sort of unpleasantness.

"Nonsense! We pay the woman to tell our fortunes and we expect her to do so."

Then I began to talk to the woman and she finally wearily consented to write on a slip of paper what the crystal had told her. And I was amused when she made Judy solemnly promise that she would not open the note until she got home that night. She cast one fearful look at all of us and hurried away.

"Foolish woman." Paul muttered.

Our mood was broken a little and Judy suggested that we leave. We all agreed gladly, for the little scene, though somewhat ludicrous, had been unpleasant.

But the night was so clear and unmarred and our own lives so promising that our former jollity returned. We laughed again and sang. Once or twice we joked about the fortune teller and the incident but it was soon completely forgotten. And we were in perfect accord with the world again.

It's hard to remember just how the thing happened. Paul claims that the steering mechanism locked; the mechanic maintains a bursting tire caused it.

We were driving fast but Paul was a careful driver. And the night air felt good sweeping over us. Then suddenly it all happened and was over. The car plunged recklessly to one side, struck a post and shot back across to the other side. I caught a glimpse of Paul's pale face as he struggled with the wheel. It all happened so quickly no one made a sound. Then we crashed into the bank and turned over.

Things went black for me but I don't know how long it was before I opened my eyes again. It couldn't have been long. My head was amazingly clear and I immediately regained my faculties. I remembered what had happened. I was practically untouched, I found, except for a sharp pain in my left shoulder.

My first concern of course was for Jane. I shouted frantically for her. Then I heard a low voice calling my name and I found her at the side of the road. She had been thrown clear and—thank God! she was safe, only badly bruised and shaken.

Making sure she was all right, I helped her to a small grassy bank where I told her to remain; then I turned back to look for the others. The car was a smoking mass now and I was afraid it would burst into flame at any minute. Suddenly I saw Paul lifting himself from the wreck; one arm dangled uselessly at his side, but for that he seemed quite alive. He kept looking about, surveying the situation and searching for Judy.

I saw her first. She had been thrown too, but the car must have careened after her and struck her, partially pinning her under it. She was lying face down and at first I thought that she was only stunned. But it was a vain hope, for I quickly saw that she was dead; her neck had been broken by the impact.

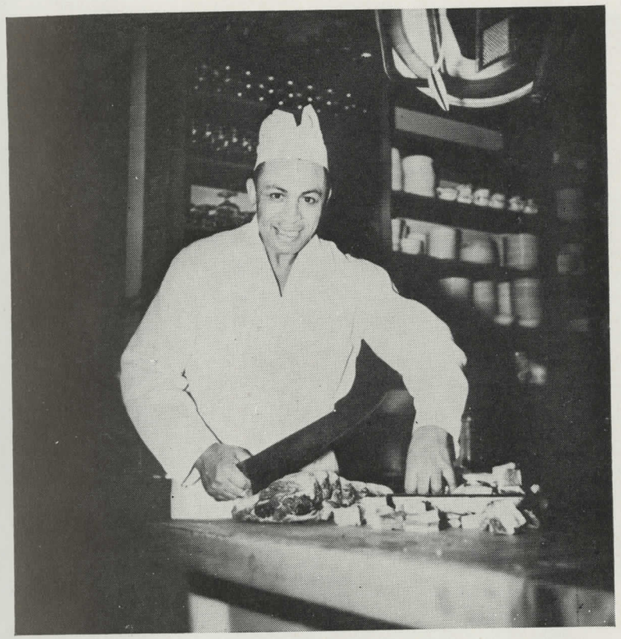
I turned her over and managed to pull her loose from the debris. As I did so one of her hands fell across mine and I saw that it clutched a small scrap of paper. I pried her fingers apart and took up the crumpled slip. It was the folded note the fortune teller had given her.

I smoothed it out and read the scrawled words by the flickering light of a match. Then as the irony of the thing burst upon me, I flung the paper from me. The match sputtered out.

"My dear," the note read, "you have no future."

Tribute

APPETIZERS



Among the hosts of Denison's unsung heroines and heroes is a group whose daily activities are as important and essential as the rising and setting of the sun itself. These are the reliable and far too frequently obscured chefs and cooks of the various social groups on the campus. Probably the most particular about food and the first to put up a howl when dissatisfied is the average group of college young people. These masters and mistresses of the kitchen have accepted difficult jobs and are constantly faced with numerous likes and dislikes which must be respected.

But these men and women have become far more than just domestic servants—they are an integral part of their many groups. Most of them are personal friends of members of the group; many of them are sympathetic confidants, and all are champions and friends-in-need of the underdog, the pledge. They have absorbed much of the history and the tradition of their respective groups and frequently one of the most loyal members is to be found in the kitchen preparing the daily meals.

Many a between-meal snack has passed by with only an exchange of sly winks and a good bet for the latest in fraternity or campus talk is the chef or cook in the kitchen.

Pictured above is Bill Chat, chef at Phi Gamma Delta where he and his wife have been preparing the meals and serving in the other mentioned capacities this year. Bill is representative of the many chefs and cooks on our campus who deserve our sincere gratitude.

And so this tribute to Bill and to the other chefs who are kings in their own right, and to the many silver-haired queens who have served faithfully their groups. Men and women who can satisfy the clamorings of a hungry horde and still have the time and the personality to become personal friend and confidant, deserve our warmest thanks and heartfelt tribute.

Too frequently it is only the kitchen force that knows how much work is involved there and see the worrying and sincere concern of the cook as he or she prepares the daily meal we take so much for granted. Drop out into the kitchen sometime soon and let her or him know you appreciate the fine job being done . . . and make it a habit.

—Photo by Thompson.

Bernard Bailey As LINCOLN

Boy and Instructor

"Someone ought to write a good play about him."

By BERNARD BAILEY

'Way back in February of 1934' a young boy and his instructor stood looking out of a window in the Senior High School building in an Iowa town.

The boy was speaking, as young men are wont to do, of the future, and the older man followed his reasoning with the knowing patience of a "young Mr. Chips." Both were discussing the impersonation, the day before, of Abraham Lincoln, that the young man had given in speech class. Previous reading, and the urge to better know the character of the famous man, had prompted the boy to work out an eight minute program, which included the Gettysburg Address. From earliest childhood, "Abe" Lincoln had been the boy's favorite historical character and the opportunity afforded him in speech class, to so project this character, had been utilized to the fullest extent.

Sincerity augmented the boy's eagerness. "Do you know; I've been thinking about this man and it seems to me that he's a character so great that somebody ought to write a good play about him. Since my try at the Gettysburg Speech, I feel that something of Lincoln belongs to me—he seems almost a part of me."

Smilingly the instructor replied, "Oh, there are a number of plays. The best one, I think, is John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. It's in the library; read it. I think you'll really like it."

Early that afternoon the young man, instead of preparing his algebra lesson, could be found in the school library, intently poring over the cherished play. Even the sudden presence of his best girl failed to pierce the armor of his concentration. As he greedily devoured the contents of the play there rose up before his vision the illuminated, mysterious personality of Lincoln. Into the words of the play, he could see injected, the ironical, homely, kindly, simple, whimsical wisdom of the character and feel the supreme melancholy of a tragic figure. Even then, the boy realized the supernatural proportions of the character and the spiritual values inherent in the play. At four o'clock he swept breathlessly into the speech room and loudly exclaimed, "Boy! What a play!! That character lives and breathes. If only I could play the part."

Chuckling to himself, the instructor pronounced the fateful words, "I'm afraid you're not quite ready for it yet. But it takes just the enthusiasm you've got to make a success of it. You showed possibilities in your characterization yesterday, but it takes a lot more study to sustain a character for two hours."

The boy turned thoughtfully to the window, and wistfully remarked, "Gee, I'd love to play Abraham Lincoln sometime—I can almost see him walk across the stage, and he was such a homely figure."

With a sly smile the instructor replied, "That certainly fits you." They both laughed and the boy treasured the man's next words.

"I'll tell you what you do. You go ahead and study the role and sometime, somewhere, I don't know when or where, you and I'll do that show." That may have been a chance remark, but it struck a chord in the boy that in itself set up a goal to strive for.

Weeks passed and came the close of the year and yet another and the boy was graduated. The two parted: the boy went to college in Missouri to study journalism, and a year later the instructor took a professorship in an Ohio University, but they continued to correspond. That dream never left the boy. Gradually he gathered material on "Old Abe" and subconsciously built a character in his mind whom he knew as intimately as his own family. He read and studied and collected pictures and made a notebook on the life of Lincoln. As the factual material on this great character became more enlarged, so did the boy's admiration of Lincoln and his enthusiasm to experience the joy of interpretation and to share that enthusiasm with an audience. He practised the way he thought Lincoln would walk, talk, look, and stand. He never forgot that promise, that someday, somewhere, he was going to be able to portray Abraham Lincoln. Never knowing when or where it could be done he strove to satisfy an insatiable craving for imitating this lovable, homely figure of a great man.

Two years passed and Abraham daily became more alive in the boy's mind; one who could be called forth at will, and who was almost a part of the past and present. Still no date or place had ever been mentioned for that dream's reality. Then, in 1938, came the glorious news that perhaps the young man could transfer next year to that university where his old instructor was the director of drama. The more the idea presented itself, the more enthusiastic he became. Finally he turned down a scholarship to study journalism in a larger university and entered the Ohio school.

And so, to bring this story to a close, we can but point out that the culmination of this six year dream of a high school student is to become a reality. On February 8, 9, 10, audiences will sit in judgment of John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* when Masquers of Denison University present that great classic in the 100-year-old Opera House in Granville.

On these nights, Bernard Bailey will realize an ambition of six years standing and Edward A. Wright, the director, will see unfolded a rather hasty promise made to an ambitious High School Junior in 1934.

THREE POETS

My thoughts are lost in the fretful
Sighings of the smoking trains;
The cold night is a mere winter counterfeit.
I wait for a crystal-clear wind-swept snow
But the reluctant skies demur to
Such hoping, with austere murmurings of rain.
The trains again—symbolic of the past—
Ever leaving a scar on the heart,
As the plaintiff notes sink into
The fathomless atmosphere of the night.

MARGARET GRATZA.

—*Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.*

Still Life
By MARK RUSSELL

NASTURTIUMS

You placed a bowl of bright nasturtiums
Gay with flaming color
On the grand piano by your tumbled music.
Burnt rose, yellow, flame, white, maroon. . . .
All catching sunbeams in their laughing faces.
And when you played
Your melodies caught their sunshine,
Your fingers wove their colors into tunes.
Long after you had gone . . . your songs had faded,
Those nasturtiums glowing still
Retained your presence.
Often I pick them from my garden plot
And think of you.
When they rest in their accustomed place
On the gleaming, dark piano,
Their vivid blaze revives your muted songs.

ALISON PHILLIPS.

RESTLESSNESS

Sleepless nights.
Darkness
And running silence.
Blackness.
Then the scurrying beat
Of tiny padded feet
All around me, 'neath my bed,
In the walls above my head,
Rats—
Gnawing, clawing,
Scratching, snatching,
Gray and soft,
Sleek and fast.
Pointed nose
And pointed tail,
Pointed teeth
And pointed nail,
Sleepless hours.
Fearfulness.
Tensely waiting.
Restlessness !

B. J. W.

The Boat In The Bayou

"For now she beckoned from the pool."

By Virginia Martindale

Curling crazily, from the battered tin smokepipe, the ribbon of blue smoke rose upward to be lost in the damp air. Within the tumbledown shantyboat, the old man bent over a pot-bellied iron stove and poked the few strips of bacon that sizzled in the skillet. The odor of frying bacon grease filled the tiny, cluttered room. Over the man's face lay a certain tranquillity sometimes characteristic of those who have lived long and well; those seasoned by sorrow; mired deep at times by misfortune. The old man slapped at a mosquito wheezing near his ear and then turned the bacon. Shuffling over to a red-checkered table, he laid a piece of cheesecloth over the partially prepared meal. The shantyboat rocked gently with occasional ripples of the backwater. "Old river must be kickin' up a bit," he mused. "Reckon this old tub ain't rocked an inch since the last time the old river ran wild 'round these here parts."

A meagre porch clung to the front of the shantyboat. A brown dog, his coat matted with burrs gathered on his frequent sallies into the underbrush lining the oozy shore, licked a sore paw, yawned and sniffed hopefully at the odor of frying bacon. Padding into the room he eyed the old man expectantly, then circled the table and flopped down onto the warped floor.

After he had finished his meal and fed the dog, the old man carefully stacked the dishes into a tin dishpan and shook the crumbs from the red-checkered cloth. After spreading it over the table again he ambled out onto the worm-eaten porch, filled his cob pipe and dragged the rocking chair over the edge of the porch where he could easily prop his feet up on the tired railing. The day had been unbearable in hotness and the rain which had fallen with studied constancy for many days had fitfully stopped. The old man presumed that it would start to fall again before long. Over the little bayou which cradled the boat swam steamy vapors, hovering over the stagnant waters even as the smoke from his pipe clung like a wreath around the old man's head. The sultry heat from the lowlands was washed over the boat—and the old man—and the lacy-tipped willow branches dipping into the water. There was no movement save that of the glassy water stirred into ripples by a passing moccasin. Everything was water-logged, beaten by the heat.

The old man seemed to be probing the waters around the boat—searching, it seemed, for something. Then slowly his eyelids, weighted by the heat, closed. He napped.

The tinkling of glasses lent a cooling effect to the scene aboard the gleaming river cruiser. The men and women sipped at frosty glasses as langourously as they surveyed the passing river scenes. One woman, gazing out at the passing banks, paused with her glass halfway to her lips—

"Whose old wreck is that, anchored back there in the bayou? It's without a doubt the worst eyesore we've seen on this river! It seems to me something could be done to remove such atrocious sights! Certainly people can find some other places in which to live."

The man to whom she addressed her remarks replied that they could hardly expect to remedy the situation themselves, but if the river kept on rising maybe things would naturally take care of themselves. "Then we'll be rid of such wrecks," he said.

There was a lull in the conversation during which one of the men who had been quietly sipping his drink by a far railing rose and, approaching his companions, spoke.

"There is a particularly interesting tale attached to that old fellow and his boat over there. If you like, I can tell you just how he came to be anchored in that particular bayou. Then after hearing the sentiment attached to him, perhaps you won't be so angered by his presence.

"It seems that many years ago, that old man brought his new bride and their household goods down the river on that same old boat, headed for a settlement on the lower Mississippi River. They poled their boat over into that bayou to anchor it there out of the reach of the mischievous old Ohio, in flood stage then as it is now. It was while they were anchored there that the flood broke loose and his young bride was drowned. I don't know how the tragedy occurred, I only know that she drowned in the waters of that very pool where the boat is now anchored. With her death the grief-stricken youth lost all interest in everything and never went on down the river. He contented himself with odd jobs around the nearby town and there he has lived ever since, not once moving the shantyboat from its moorings. That old john-boat you saw tied to the porch is what he uses for his trips to and from the shore.

"Each night since her death he has been seen to paddle his boat homeward after a day's work in the town. Each evening finds him standing motionless at the bow of the shantyboat, staring into the pool as if trying to conjure her face up out of the fast-darkening waters. He believes she is still near—talks to her. For this reason some people call him eccentric and warn

their children not to go near him. We who know his story speak otherwise. We speak kindly of him for he has hurt no one and his presence there is a kind of tradition to us who live nearby."

The shantyboat had long ago passed out of sight and now only remarks of "really?" and "how provincial!" fell upon the echoes of the gentleman's story. He smiled speculating on their callous lack of sentiment. He shrugged, and as he did so he glanced over his shoulder and saw, far in the wake of the boat, above the treetops lining the shore, a thin ribbon of smoke rising upward into the damp air.

In the light of early morning the old man rubbed his eyes. He had awakened with a feeling that this was not like any other morning; indeed, this was not like his own shantyboat for it seemed to be tossing about like a child in a bad dream. Looking out of the window he saw the familiar shoreline and, peering closer, knew that the river had risen much more and was lapping at the shores with insistent snake-tongues. Little flames of memory licked at his heart. That other flood—THAT OTHER FLOOD! God, how long ago that was. His heavy-veined hands trembled as he dressed. Somehow his age fell away from him like a shell—that other flood! People had needed his help then, HIS help. He would help them again—now! He gulped the contents of a heavy white cup and somehow got into his boat.

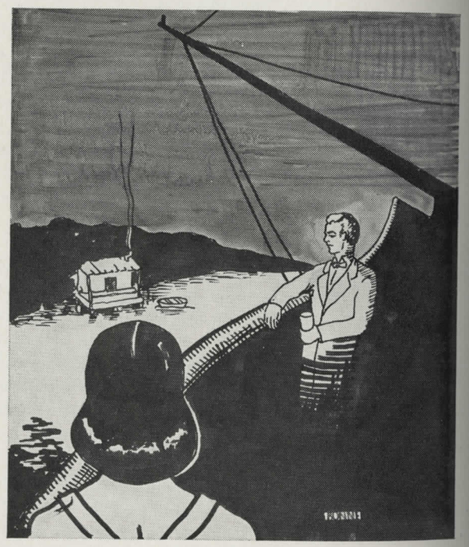
For a moment it seemed as if the boat might capsize as the raging current of the river clutched at it greedily. Straining every muscle the old man propelled the john-boat close to the shore and made his way down to the flooded town. Everywhere, what had once been streets were now canals filled with seething, muddy water. It lapped at the gaping windows set like hollow eyes in the houses. Banks of roofs lined the flooded streets. People amid bundles of goods swarmed over the housetops. Boats hurriedly loaded. Many people called for help and it was toward these that the old man propelled his john-boat, the dog barking encouragement from his place in the stern.

All that day the old man worked, cool amid the excitement of others, paddling his boat unconcernedly in the swollen waters. Load after load of tables, lamps, children and canaries were taken to higher ground while all around rose the cries of the homeless. It was so much like the other flood. He had been younger then—had rescued twice as many. Even now he seemed to be re-living that last rescue work. Often he wondered about Mary, his wife, back on the shantyboat—"I hope she's all right," he thought.

It began to rain again and the water was creeping higher. The leaden afternoon wore into evening and only then did the old man turn away and head homeward. Still the spell of that other flood, of those hours of endless rescue work, hung about him like a cloak. He was no longer old—even the great fatigue surging over him was not of age but of youth—eager adventure, eager in helping others and, tired now, eager to get back to the shantyboat where Mary had supper waiting. Mary was there—he was more tired than he thought—he must get home; surely Mary was worrying. He strained at the oars—"I'm coming, Mary—"

The bayou swam in the evening mist. The dark hull of the shantyboat loomed before him. Funny it was so dark. Oh, yes—Mary must have the curtains drawn. "Hope this flood lets up soon so we can get on down the Mississippi."

Pulling up alongside the shantyboat he secured the john-boat and clambered onto the decrepit porch. He walked inside the dark boat. Where was she? "Mary," he called—"Mary!" Surely she must be here. All those empty years were a dream. She hadn't gone! She was here somewhere! His heart thudded against his ribs. He stumbled out onto the porch again. Then he saw her—vaguely now through the mist he saw her; rising half out of the water. Surely that was Mary.



She was beckoning to him—

Reeling back over the span of years he heard once again the voices of the two fishermen, in their boat alongside his shanty-boat as they said that Mary was dead—drowned in that very bayou when she had plunged in to save a pet kitten. "We couldn't reach her in time," the two fishermen were saying. The empty years spent alone were vanished now. The old man knew Mary needed him—he had been in town, yes—now he was back—Mary gone? No, for now she beckoned from the pool—

"I'll reach her—yes, Mary, I see you. Don't be afraid!—I'm coming, Mary!"

A splash lashed open the stillness.

Curling crazily from the battered tin smoke-pipe, a ribbon of blue smoke rose upward—feebly now, then ended, to be lost in the damp air.

Books

Review of New Books

DOROTHY DEANE

TUMBLING IN THE HAY. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. 329 pp. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

Tumbling in the Hay is a happy, crazy book. It tells the story of a young medical student at Trinity College in Dublin about thirty years ago. It is just the kind of a book to read when almost overcome by the worries of academic life.

Oliver Gogarty, now a distinguished throat specialist in Dublin, tells of distressing days in classes, and rollicking nights in Irish pubs. In an attempt to justify his nocturnal escapades with his Falstaffian comrades he quotes Wordsworth as grudgingly saying of Robert Burns, "the light that led astray was light from Heaven."

In this autobiographical novel, Gogarty says that the only exams he ever passed were in bad weather. Exams seem to be the bane of this medical student's existence (why limit it to this medical student?). Gogarty found that the simplest things were invariably the hardest things to define. "What is grass? And what good would a knowledge of the seventy orders of Linnaeus, the bird who knelt down and praised God when he saw a gorse bush in bloom, be to you if you couldn't tell the Professor of Botany what grass was?"

But Gogarthy did not let exams bother him too much. He found consolation in the fact that Trinity's greatest sons were, in her eyes, her greatest dunces. To be stupid put him in a class with Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Grey, Jonathan Swift, and Edmund Burke. In fact, this wild wit, this robust Devil-may-care buck of Dublin, may, some day, in all seriousness, be put in a class with these men for he is writing poetry which is just beginning to be widely recognized.

Tumbling in the Hay (the title comes from Shakespear's *Winter's Tale,* Act IV, Scene 2) is a sketchy memoir type of thing. In it there are many rough, and sometimes crude, characters and two professors. One of them lisps!

The novel is full of a wild biting wit from which nothing is immune. It is salty, masculine. Through it all there is a broad humanity, a love of all kinds of people.

Music

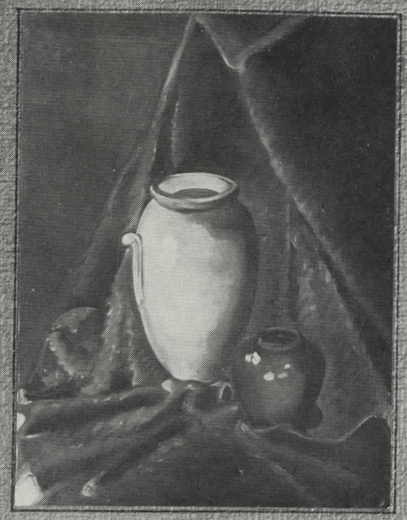
Review of New Recordings

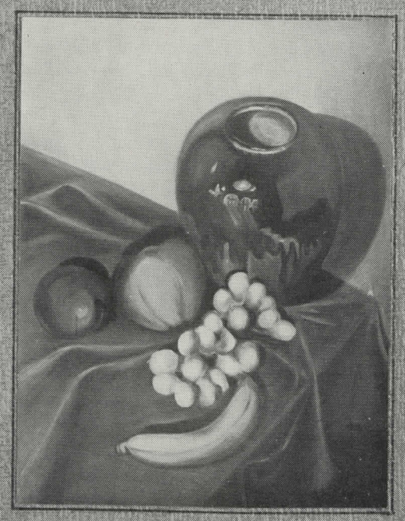
The swing connoisseur's record of the month is unquestionably Coleman Hawkins' great record of *Body and Soul,* Bluebird 10523. In this record the 'Hawk' plays this favorite through twice, with bridges included, and turns out the finest performance on tenor sax that I have ever heard. His perfect tone, great ideas, and lovely notes prove to the listener that he is supreme on his respective instrument. The other side follows up with *Fine Dinner* (a Hawkins original) that is hard to beat also, although each man has a chance to show off on this one.

Bob Crosby puts out two sides that are fairly good in considering some of his other recent releases. *High Society* and *Boogie-Woogie Maxixe,* Decca 2848, are the two with *Society* being the better of the two because of a good Irving Fazola clarinet throughout. The "boog" side sounds better after a few listenings, but the orchestration is very well done.

Glenn Miller's latest Bluebird recordings of *Careless* and *Vagabond Dreams* (10520), *Oh, Johnny, Oh,* and *Ciri-Biri-Bin* (10507), *Indian Summer* and *Farewell Blues* (10495), are far from the best that that band has put out, but it makes for good listening, with *Indian Summer* probably being the best of the lot. I always marvel at Miller when it comes to arranging, for his style is so refreshing to listen to after the blast of other arrangements. It is little wonder that this band was chosen the winner of Down Beat's 1939 Popularity Poll by the musicians of the United States.

A few briefs: *It's My Turn Now, The Little Red Fox,* and *I Thought About You* (all Victor) by Hal Kemp's band. *Thought* is undoubtedly the best of the three with a smooth Bob Allen vocal. *Fox* has nice vocal by the Smoothies, and it looks as though this would be another "three fishies" song. *Cuban Boogie-Woogie* and *Peach Tree Street* by Bob Zurke (Victor) has some interesting turns, but in *Cuban* you can tell Zurke is in his own field. *All In Fun* and *Heaven In My Arms* are two that Tommy Dorsey records (Victor) and it is good "juke box" music, with *Heaven* giving you a chance to hear Dorsey's new vocalist, Anita Boyer. Bob Chester under the Bluebird label stamps *Aunt Hagar's Blues* and *57th Street Drag,* with the brightest star of the record going to Chester and his tenor sax. Duke Ellington made four sides that are all of high caliber in *Little Posey, Lady In Blue, Grievin',* and *Tootin' Thru the Roof* (Columbia). In *Grievin'* we hear Johnny Hodges, seldom heard soprano sax, and in *Tootin' Thru* a marvelous Rex Stewart-Cootie Williams trumpet duet. This is "must hear" material.





STUDENT ART

Still Life
By Betty Koos

Portrait of Betty Jeager
By Elizabeth Bonnett

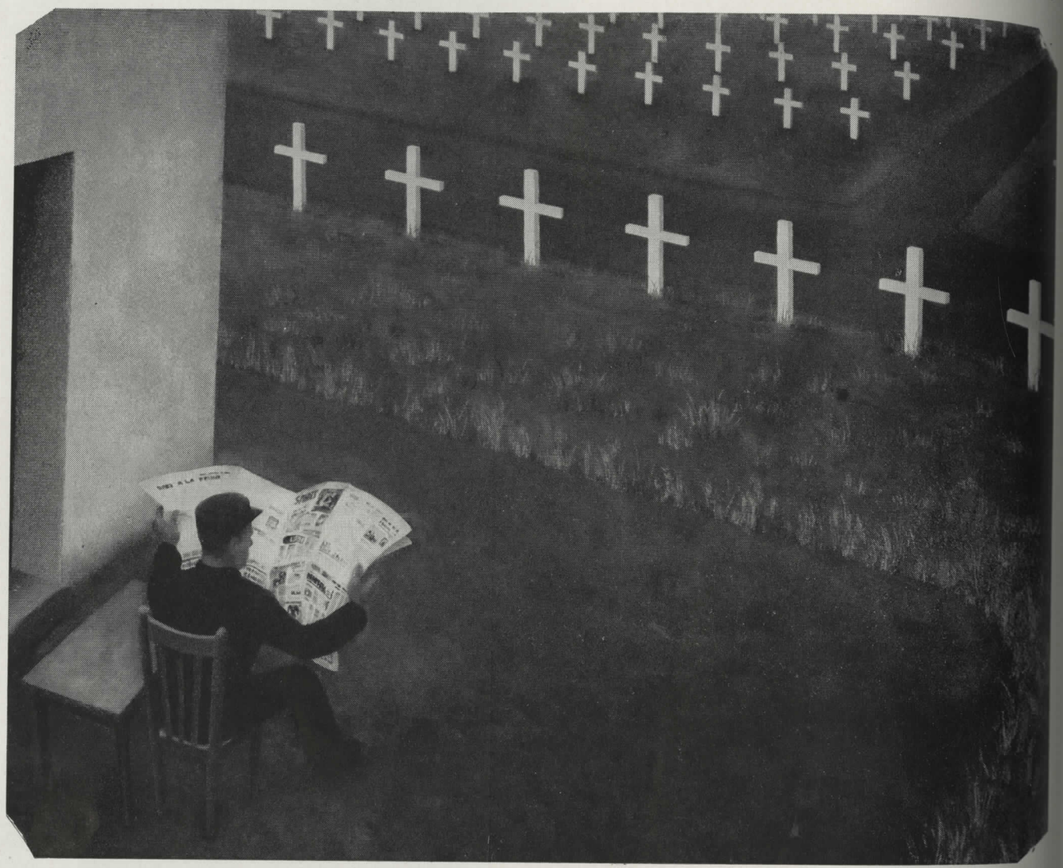
Still Life
By Ruth Franke

OIL PAINTING

Still Life
By Ruth Franke

Portrait of Jean Ebaugh
By Dorothy Pritchard

Study of Lilies
By Virginia Martindale



THERE ARE MORE KINDS OF DEATH THAN DYING

In the World War, approximately 17,000,000 men were killed.

A few more million people—many of them children—died from starvation or undernourishment suffered because crops were destroyed or because it was clever strategy to shut off the enemy's food supply.

These were the dead, the *actual* dead.

But more things human were killed than the white crosses tell of.

The great things that millions of fine and promising young men might have accomplished had they lived were buried with their bodies.

The kind of hope that buoys men's hearts was, for many thousands, killed forever and replaced with bitterness and disillusion.

The faith nations had in each other was killed; culture and art stood still, ideals died; truth was buried deep under lies and conscienceless propaganda.

And what did the world gain from this colossal sacrifice?

Nothing, absolutely nothing. The "war to end war" ended only peace. Some part of the world has been at war every single day since that tragic April afternoon in 1914. There was no true victory, no lasting gain, no real conquest for anyone.

World Peaceways is a non-profit organization with a plan and determination to solidify the antipathy civilized people cannot help but have for war.

We feel that there *must* be a more intelligent and civilized way than murder to settle the differences of men and nations. If you feel the same way we'd like to hear from you. Won't you add your voice to ours? Why not sit down now and write to . . . . *World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.*

Drama

The Lunts Do 'The Shrew'

"This is Shakespeare a La Lunt"

For the second time a review of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* has appeared in the Drama section of this magazine. But, lest we be accused of repeating ourselves, perhaps it would be wisest to assure the reader that aside from the title, author and the lines, which were undebatably the words of Shakespeare, the two performances were so radically different that they might just as well be considered different plays.

At Denison last June, *Masquers* played the *Taming of the Shrew* on the Plaza. Their performance was a thing of artistry with the players and the naturally beautiful setting working together to enliven and enhance the lyric lines and romantic action of this rollicking farce. At the Hartman Theatre, the Lunts played Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontaine with *The Taming of the Shrew* as support.

Now it is possible that I have been so long a worsh'pper at the altar of a much deified Shakespeare that my sensibilities are too easily shocked where his plays are concerned. But, whatever the cause may be, I must confess that it was a shock to me to see one of his plays "horsed" all over the stage. It was so much of a shock, in fact, that it was not until the second act that I was able to forget what it was I was seeing and could relax and enjoy the Lunts for the Lunts' sake. For the second and third act, then, I settled back in my chair and watched a hilarious circus parade before my eyes.

And all of the elements of a circus were there. There were midgets, horses, and clowns. In New York, I understand, they used elephants but found it a bit of a chore to take the elephants with them on the road. There were tumblers, jugglers and mummers—the two principal mummers being the principals. All it lacked to do credit to P. T. Barnum was the bearded lady, the snake charmer and the "Big-Top."

Perhaps, for the benefit of those unfortunates who did not attend the show, it might be well for a word of explanation to be thrown in at this point. Just what was it that the Lunts did to make this show so different from the usual run of Shakespearean productions? In the first place, they were the inimitable pair that has stormed Broadway theatres for years. They put in all the by-play and their own brand of comedy that they could, whether it was readable between the lines or not, and that alone would make any show different. Alfred Lunt read his lines in his high voice with a peculiar measured emphasis which seemed to make the show run rather slowly. (At least during the first act when I was still shocked and hadn't gotten used to the idea of hearing Shakespeare's singing lines extolled with measured monotone.) Of course every line which suggested the barest possibility of shady-sophisticated wit was played up to its full, and lines which under ordinary conditions might have been uttered from a pulpit took on new and Rabelaisean significance. Even the theme of the play was altered. Katherine knew as soon as she looked at Petruchio that she was going to be tamed—in fact was eager to be tamed by him; while Petruchio went into his wooing dance with a faint heart—in truth he was scared to death of the woman and survived on sheer bravado (and by Katherine's permission).

It is an interesting reflection on the production that the biggest laugh of the evening came when two unfortunate late comers were politely bowed into their seats by the cast, while the show stopped until they were comfortable and then repeated the scene which just preceded the interruption. I would hate to suggest a plant, but things were just too convenient to have been accidental.

Some people feel that the Lunt production was in absolute keeping with the spirit of Shakespeare. They point out that the theatre of the Elizabethan era was bawdy, noisy and plays presented therein were horsed to the limit. They say that the audience should enter into the actual stage picture because in the early seventeenth century the audience exchanged pleasantries with the players. There is nothing that I can say to refute this argument. It is sound and convincing, but still I feel as though I had seen sacrilege perpetrated. I thoroughly enjoyed the show as long as my enjoyment was based on the antics of the Lunts and the clowns, jugglers, midgets, etc. and not upon *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Lynne Fontaine was super. She was ever the vivacious and beautiful woman. Never did she make you feel that at heart she was a shrew no matter how shrewish her actions. She read her lines with color and meaning, and she displayed the freedom and grace of movement which is essential to the part.

And then there was the curtain call. Nowhere was the spirit in which this show was done so summarily shown than when the curtain rose for the curtain call. But what a curtain call. Instead of the usual row of graciously smiling and bowing actors stretching from one side of the stage to the other we saw, way at the back of the stage, Petruchio and Katherine in a beautiful chariot drawn by a white steed, soaring through the air into the future. Shades of Melodrama! Not Shades of Shakespeare!

THE MESSIAH

(*Continued from page 9*)

est oratorio. But a half-starved little clergyman named Pooley, who lived with Jennens as his secretary, did the work, the credit for which his master stole, and he has gone down into an unknown grave, unhonored and unsung.

Pooley was a humble little creature. Where Jennens found him no one will ever know, but Pooley's mission in life, whilst in the service of this great man, was to be more humble than ever. He had to apply himself assiduously to a proper appreciation of the greatness of his master. So brow-beaten was the poor wretch that he made no protest when Jennens palmed off Pooley's selection of biblical words upon Handel as his own.

With the Pooley-Jennens libretto before him, Handel began work on the score of the *Messiah*, August 22, 1741, at the age of fifty-six. Twenty-four days later the score was complete. Considering the immensity of the work and the short time involved, it will remain, perhaps forever, the greatest feat in the whole history of musical composition. It was all original work, except the choruses, 'And He shall purify', 'For unto us', 'His yoke is easy', and 'All we like sheep', all of which were adapted from a set of Italian duets which he had written in July, 1741. It was the achievement of a giant inspired—the work of one who, by some extraordinary mental feat, had drawn himself completely out of the world, so that he dwelt—or believed he dwelt—in the pastures of God. What happened was that Handel passed through a superb dream. He was unconscious of the world during that time; his whole mind was in a trance; he did not leave the house; his man-servant brought him food, and, as often as not, returned to the room in an hour to find the food untouched, and his master staring into vacancy. When he had completed Part II with the Hallelujah Chorus, his servant found him at the table, tears streaming from his eyes. "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself!" he exclaimed. Certainly, Handel was guided by some extraordinary power. Never in his life had he experienced the same emotional drive, and he never experienced it again.

Although he finished the first copy so quickly, Handel altered various numbers from time to time, so that, in the end, he spent more time and thought over this work than over any previous oratorio.

Handel's achievement becomes all the more astounding when one considers the size of the orchestra he had to write for. At no time in the *Messiah* are there more than fourteen staves in the score, whereas in a modern score it is not unusual to find more than twice that number.

Conducting with a baton did not originate until the last century. Prior to that time, the 'conductor' sat at the harpsichord or organ and directed things as best he could, assisted by the leader of the first violins (concertmaster), who beat time with his bow whenever possible. Orchestral technique was therefore limited, and it was for this reason that the lowest stave in every full score was devoted to the *continuo*, or figured bass, which is simply the bass part with figures below it signifying the chords that the composer intended to be heard above it. The conductor devoted himself to this line of the score. Playing the *continuo* is a very difficult art and almost a lost one. Handel was one of the great masters of the art, and it must have been intensely interesting to hear him freely improvising on the figured bass. However, in later days, and in the hands of less imaginative musicians, it became a very dull affair. Certainly, few contemporary organists could do it justice.

Handel himself had no thought of producing the work. As soon as it was completed, it was put away in a drawer. It is doubtful if he ever intended to produce it in London after the discouraging experience he had had there. At any rate, he received an offer to appear in Dublin to produce a work for the benefit of charitable institutions. Handel accepted and took Mrs. Cibber and Signora Avoglio with him from London as soloists. The tenor and bass soloists were recruited from the Dublin cathedral choirs. The work was first performed there April 13, 1742, and it was so successful that a second performance was demanded. For his second presentation, the ladies were requested 'not to come with hoops this day to the Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. The gentlemen are desired to come without their swords'. For if they could abandon fashion 'for one evening only, however ornamental, the hall will contain an hundred persons more, with full ease'.

The *Messiah* was not performed in London until a year later, and it did not create a great stir then, although it later become a great success. The performance was repeated annually at London until 1791, when it gave way to the great triennial Handel festivals. It is pretty well authenticated that the custom of standing through the Hallelujah Chorus originated when George II and his court leaped to their feet when they first heard the great theme, 'For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth'. And yet, the theme merely walks four notes up the major scale and back again, with an octave interval in between. This same inspired economy is apparent all the way through the oratorio. For instance, the whole Hallelujah Chorus, with the exception of two measures, is in only two keys.

The *Messiah* has been performed more often than any other oratorio, and many interesting anecdotes could doubtless be told of its thousands of performances. But the story I like best is the one about Karl Eschman, who has conducted the *Messiah* at Denison for most of its thirty-five performances. The oratorio used to be given in the Baptist Church, where the temperature changes affected the pitch of the organ. The night before a performance the thermometer took a sudden drop, changing the pitch of the organ so much that the other instruments could not tune to it. So Karl had to stay up all night, transposing the orchestra parts to suit the organ.